She ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
VVill you be ready? do you like this haſte?
VVeele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſſy,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Ca. VVell, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Aforeme, it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. VVilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Romeo. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tipto on the myſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needſt not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,

Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How is it my ſoule, lets talke it is not day.

Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion.
This doth not ſo: for ſhe deuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had changde voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntſup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Romeo. More light and light, more darke and dar
woes.

Enter Madame and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurſe.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cumming to your cham
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

Iu. Art thou gone ſo, loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Ro. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?

Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in our time to come.